

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

## AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 5. NO. 18.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE  
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BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.

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IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE.

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POETRY.

From the Forest City.

THE COTTAGER'S WIFE.

Sweet the hearth and sand the floor,  
(My Kate, brush back your hair!)  
And rub the handle of the door;  
(There, Nell, sit by the chair!)  
Now make the fire burn warm and bright,  
(Johnny, my son, sit down!)  
For father will be home to night.  
(Here, Joannie, bring the gown!)

Now, Kate, go down to yonder spring,  
(Jennie, sit still my son!)  
And a fresh pail of water bring;  
(The baby! Nelly, run!)  
Hang on the pot and make it boil,  
(Don't vex the baby, dear!)  
And three nice herrings broil.  
(John, bring my tumbler here!)

Go, look if comes your father now,  
(Rock not the cradle so!)  
Just round the hill's sharp eastern brow;  
(The chicks, Nell, feed them! go!)  
I am so glad he comes at last,  
(Hush, baby, hush, don't start!)  
All longings now are with the past.  
(You've hung the pot too high!)

And see, you've come at last my George!  
(There, darling, that will do!)  
I feared lest in the mountain gorge  
(Carefully, Jean, don't start!)  
You should have perished there alone,  
(How you do vex me, child!)

And joy ne'er comes to our hearth-stone,  
(I'm sure you all are wild!)

Sentimental.

The rose that blushes like the morn  
Bedecks the vale, low,  
And so doth thou, sweet infant corn,  
My Angelina's toe;  
But on the rose there grows a thorn  
That breeds disastrous woe,  
And so doth thou remorseless corn,  
On Angelina's toe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

The Great Evil of the Times—The  
Want of a Love for Home.

My Dear Friends of the Cultivator.

I would send an appeal in behalf of home  
and the homestead. I do not mean at present  
to speak of a homestead exemption law, which  
would simply ward off the creditor's claim.  
Oh, no; the sacred hearthstone has in our  
day and in our land, a more terrible enemy  
by far than the sheriff's warrant.

We are a locomotive people—we live up  
on railroads—we walk by steam—we talk  
by lightning. The things we used and admired  
yesterday, we fling aside to-day as out of date  
and out of fashion. The spot which was our  
habitation last week, has become old and  
tiresome to us this week. The friends of last  
month weary us with the monotony of their  
society this month. Our brief summer is too  
old before it is vanished, for we have grown  
weary of our lace hats and tissue dresses, and  
we long for the new fashions of the winter,  
(to say nothing of the intermediate changes  
of spring and autumn.) Then we tire of our  
plumes and furs, and are impatient for the  
"new arrivals" of our merchants' summer  
goods. We buy new furniture as often as  
we can afford the expense, and shift the old  
to make a change when we cannot.

Some of your readers, especially those  
having such sweet homes as I have seen  
about Mt. Pleasant in your State, may think  
these remarks exaggerated, and only applica-  
ble to eastern cities, but I assure you it is  
not so. I write from the Great West—the  
region of the Mississippi. We have a  
glorious country and a glorious people here,  
but of our merits I shall defer speaking until  
some other day. One of our great defects  
is at this moment strongly pressed upon my  
vision—we scarcely know the name of home.  
I am not speaking of inland places now; I  
am not speaking of cities, for, ever since  
I came to this region, I have been in some  
portion of the territory absorbed in the trade  
of the Mississippi.

From St. Louis to St. Anthony, Minnesota,  
it is all the same, and this has been the ex-  
tent of my field of travel and observation. In  
that range are many beautiful cities; they  
are very gay and fashionable places. Their  
ladies are truly Solomon's "Lilies of the field."  
One lady will wear enough upon her person  
at a ball to pay for a comfortable home. Half  
the time they may be seen migrating to spend  
their summer East or the winter South.  
Whole families, babes and all, are birds of  
passage. The enterprise of the country  
seems all concentrated upon trade and specula-  
tion; farming is too slow and tame a business,  
and for the genius of our region, and is  
mostly left to uneducated foreigners. We  
have a few exceptions to the rule, but the  
business men think farming a stupid occupa-

tion—they could never wait to see the wheat  
that is sown this autumn, harvested next  
summer. They would be off to California  
before it was half grown. Our young men  
are almost all gone to California or to Oregon.  
This country is grown too old for them.

We are proud of our generosity; eastern  
people flatter us upon that point; but I hope  
you don't guess how extravagant and careless  
we are. We love new things so much, that  
the sooner we can destroy the old ones, the  
better. We must be fine and new, no matter  
what they cost. A young lady with no  
known means of support, save the charity of  
a distant relative, will dress as fine as a  
princess; and a young man whose salary is  
no more than \$4 a week, will spend that all  
on Saturday, to take some curly-headed  
school-girl buggy riding. Oh, we are very  
extravagant! We don't think of home and  
the rainy day; and we are very destructive—  
too destructive by far to know anything about  
real neatness. And what do we rest less  
care for home! True, we love to build a  
fine house, and astonish the natives, with  
our grandeur; but in order to be able to do  
this, we will live in a hotel three-fourths  
of our time, without a tree to shade us, or  
yield us its delicious fruits. 'Tis not the  
home we care for; we'd much rather have fine  
clothes.

Ah, I do love progress; I love activity and  
life; I love the strides of human genius to-  
wards improving human surroundings and  
means of elevation. I am far from clinging  
to "old error as better than new truth." But  
oh! my ear is pained, my soul is sick. We  
American people are a glorious people, at  
least in our own estimation; but must we in  
our overwhelming rage for progress, trample  
under foot all the holiest affections of the  
heart! Must that love of home, which is  
justly ranked as next to love of God, become  
an obsolete passion—a forgotten thing! Must  
all those cherished objects, so closely knit  
up with this love, as portions of the house-  
hold altar, be set up at vendue, to give place  
to new French fashions! Must "the old oak"  
be cut up as firewood to make room for some  
foreign tree of puny, showy growth! Must  
the old family bible be resigned to rats and  
mice in the garret, that a splendidly em-  
bellished and gilded copy of the Holy Bible  
lie upon the table! "The old arm chair," in  
which our grandfather sat, and our mother  
breathed her last, must be thrown aside,  
and broken into fragments, as an ugly thing!

Oh, I love refinement, I love care and  
elegance, but give me a home, give me a  
home wherein to rest my weary soul. Let us  
hear the dear old clock tick from the same  
corner where my grandfather used to look  
through his glasses to see if yet the hour for  
meeting; let me see the cat upon the hearth,  
and the house-dog in the door-yard. Let some  
of the neat home made rag carpet be left, to  
tell of the thrift and tidiness of those we  
loved; let the comfortable oaken furniture still  
invite our wearied limbs; let the old orchard still  
yield its golden store.

If we have not old homes—homes made  
sacred by those whom we have loved, and  
who have passed away, let our new homes  
be homes, and not show-houses. But of this,  
more in future. My letter is too long already.  
Yours, as ever,  
SARAH COATES HARRIS.  
Galena, Illinois, November 14, 1852.

From the New York Tribune.

GHOST LITERATURE.

Few of our readers except those who are  
themselves engaged in the great business of  
ghost-seeking, spirit rapping, table-jumping,  
speaking in tongues, mysterious writing, and  
other phenomena of the kind, are aware of  
the extent to which these practices and rela-  
tions are carried on in this free and inde-  
pendent country. There is hardly a rural  
parish, or a city on either, which does not  
contain its "mediums" and circles of explorers  
into this department of the misty unknown.  
Every where the curious and credulous are  
receiving high moral and spiritual common  
places from their defunct uncles, aunts, grand-  
mothers, and posterity. Dear, believing souls  
exult at the new links, and blinks, and squeals  
of the hand, and slaps on the back, vouch-  
safed to them from the transitory world;  
and the aspiring and hopeful long for the  
greater revelations that are promised, but  
never received, from the same dubious  
source. Those wisecracks who proclaim that  
the delusion is exploded, and triumphantly  
knock their knee-joints or crackle their toes  
by demonstration, receive little attention and  
make no converts. But the ghosts do. They  
go on conquering and to conquer. The num-  
ber of their disciples multiplies from Maine  
to California. If it be all a delusion, there  
was never one so widely disseminated, and  
its time for those who depreciate its influence,  
and deny its spiritual claims, to really explode  
if they can. It will not do to wait till it dies  
out of itself, for, as we hear, scores of people  
are actually made crazy by it, and the received  
faith with respect to the life of man after  
death is being so widely and dangerously un-  
dermined that it cannot for years recover that  
general assent, which, in the minds of reli-  
gious people at least, it has hitherto enjoyed.

The literature of the *soi disant* ghosts al-  
ready extensive and daily increasing, affords  
a striking indication of the temper of the pub-  
lic appetite toward the manifestations in  
question. There are some dozen periodicals  
devoted altogether or in a great part to set-  
ting forth the pretensions of these invis-  
ible gentry. They press groans with spiri-  
tual pamphlets and books, in every style from  
grave treatises on the immort secrets of Being,  
down to narratives of how Peter Simple learned  
from the rappers that this grand-mother  
died five years and three months ago of  
phthisis, and is now in the Second Sphere,  
which wonderfully agreed with his own pre-  
vious knowledge of the fact; or how Orasmus  
Snuggs was lifted from the floor by the ghosts  
and violently bumped against the ceiling  
when there was no other person in the room.

The ghosts provide for a great variety of  
tastes, but their ruling passions seem to be  
Medicine and Theology. Toward things of  
more ordinary and tangible utility their in-  
clination is not so strong. We remember a

very highly-favored "medium," who offered to  
make us personally acquainted with Socrates,  
Abe, Swedenborg, Solomon, or any other de-  
parted worthy, or to describe the scenery of  
Jupiter or Heldebaran; but who utterly de-  
clined to tell what was going on at the mo-  
ment in London, even though offered a very  
high salary as a permanent transatlantic re-  
porter.—Among all the works that we know  
written on spiritual information, not one re-  
veals a real secret, as for instance, a better  
mode of cooking, or a new motive power.  
Evidently, such matters are not in the ghosts'  
line.

Among the periodical publications of this  
kind the most elaborate is *The Skein*, a  
monthly magazine often noticed and commended  
in these columns. *The Spiritual Tele-  
graph*, hebdomadal, is conducted by the same  
editor, Mr. S. B. Brittan. *The Spirit Mes-  
senger* is published weekly in this city by Mr.  
Ambler, himself a "medium," and may confi-  
dently be consulted by all who desire to know  
what the spirits have to offer. *The New Era*  
hails from Boston, is also a weekly, and gives  
communications from "the higher order of  
spirits." But the proverb that a living dog  
is better than a dead lion was never more te-  
diously illustrated than in its pages; to hear  
the braying of a live ass would be agreeable  
pastime after their perusal, for the higher  
spirits mount, the bigger fools they seem  
to become, if *The New Era* does them justice.  
*Light from the Spirit World* is published at  
St. Louis, every Saturday; its pages are in a  
great measure filled by the contributions of  
spirits. *The Scraps of an Advocate* is a paper we  
have heard of but not seen. *The Crisis* comes  
from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and *The  
Mountain Cove Journal*, the highest flown of  
all in its gabble, is published in Virginia.  
There are other papers which give a good  
deal of space to ghostly discussions, though  
not exclusively devoted thereto, as for instance  
*The Practical Christian*, at Milford, Mass.  
In all these journals the least interesting  
and most silly articles are invariably those  
which purport to be of spiritual authorship.  
Generally, they consist of nothing but thread-  
bare commonplaces. Nothing seems so dis-  
agreeable to the ethereal writers as a new  
idea, for they take special pains never to ut-  
ter one. If they have any care for their own  
reputation and don't want to bring their trade  
into discredit, they will at once shut up, and  
hereafter leave their "mediums" and prophets  
alone to expound the great subject.

The "spiritual manifestations" are very remarkable  
and seriously require explanation of another  
sort than the apocryphal verdict of solemn  
ignorance that they are all humbug. But the  
"spirits" themselves have so far only  
proved their incompetence to afford any such  
explanation.

THE ERICSSON INVENTION.

We copy below, from the New York Tribu-  
ne, a description of the calorific engine in-  
vented by Mr. Ericsson, and now used on the  
steamer of that name.

We think this invention as distinctly mark-  
ing an era as new and striking as the inven-  
tion of the steam engine, and as one of the  
most important events of the 19th century.  
We therefore make no apology for so fre-  
quently and so diffusely noticing it. Every  
information concerning it is of the utmost in-  
terest, and will be greedily sought after by  
every intelligent and thoughtful mind.

When shall we have a calorific boat on the  
Ohio river! The man who engages in this  
enterprise will reap a rich reward.

The editor of the Tribune, when giving an  
account of an excursion on the Ericsson, says:  
The time of the passage down was spent  
in discussing an excellent breakfast, and ex-  
amining the engine. The first thing in the  
engine which strikes the observer, is the  
magnitude of the cylinders. There are four-  
teen feet in diameter, six feet more than those  
of the Collins's steamers. There are four in  
the Ericsson, standing in a fore-and-aft line;  
two before and two abaft the shaft, and work-  
ing in pairs upon it. From the base of the  
cylinders to the summit is about thirty feet.  
Each cylinder is double, consisting of what  
is called a working cylinder and a supply  
cylinder; the latter being on top and un-  
derneath the other, though of inferior diam-  
eter. The working cylinder has the furnace un-  
der it; in it the active force of the machine  
is developed in the form of air expanded by  
heat. The supply cylinder is always cold.  
The working cylinder is fourteen feet in di-  
ameter; the piston which plays in it has a  
superficies of 22,800 square inches. The sup-  
ply cylinder is 11 feet 7 inches in diameter,  
and the area of its piston is 14,500 square  
inches: These pistons are joined by powerful  
iron rods. The stroke is six feet. On the  
under side of the upper piston are valves  
through which the supply of fresh air is  
drawn after the machine is put in motion.  
Over the supply cylinder is a reservoir in  
which the upper motion of the piston com-  
presses the air, which passes in through  
valves. The connection between the reser-  
voir and the working cylinder is by a large  
pipe running from the former to the base of  
the latter. The engine is set in motion by  
pumping cold air into the reservoir, by hand  
or otherwise.

From the reservoir, through a valve at the  
bottom of the large connecting pipe, the  
compressed air is admitted into the working  
cylinder over the furnace. Here it is in-  
stantly heated, and by its expansion drives up  
the piston, and at the same time compresses  
the air in the supply cylinder, and forces it  
into the reservoir. Then another valve in  
the connecting pipe opens and the hot air is  
let off into the atmosphere. This removes  
the pressure that has driven the piston up,  
when its own weight brings it down again,  
and the escape valve closes. Then the sup-  
ply valve opens again, and lets the cold air  
in over the furnace; it is heated, and so the  
process goes on.

But the great feature of the invention is  
yet to be described. This is the apparatus  
by which the main part of the heat which  
expands the air in the working cylinder is  
saved and made to do duty over and over  
again. This it is that produces the astonish-

ing economy of fuel, which is one of the  
great characteristics of the invention. In a  
steam engine the heat is used but once; it  
passes away, and therefore has to be perpetu-  
ally renewed. In the Caloric engine it is  
economized. This is an immense advantage.  
The apparatus is formed of iron wire 1-16th  
of an inch in diameter, woven into a web  
dense enough for the holes or meshes to oc-  
cupy half the surface. Fifty thicknesses or  
disks of this wire cloth are used in each pipe  
connecting the reservoir or working cylin-  
ders. Each disk is six feet long and four  
wide, and contains half a million of meshes.  
They are placed close together in the pipe  
between the working cylinder and the two  
valves which let in new air and let out that  
which has been used. Thus all the air which  
comes in passes through the meshes of the  
wires, as does all that goes out. Here lies  
the wonder of the invention. The heated air  
in going out leaves its heat in these wires  
and the cold air in coming in takes it up  
again. In the engines of the Ericsson the  
air which comes out is but 30 degrees hotter  
than the atmosphere, though before passing  
through the wires it was 384 degrees hotter.  
Even these 30 degrees might be saved, says  
Capt. Ericsson, by increasing the number  
of wire disks, but it is practically unneces-  
sary. This apparatus is called the regenera-  
tor. Though the principle of it is essen-  
tially the same as that of Davy's Safety Lamp,  
the glory of its application to mechanical  
purposes is Capt. Ericsson's fortune.

As we said, there are four of these double  
cylinders, four working, and four supply—  
Accordingly there are four furnaces, ingen-  
iously arranged, and set without any extraor-  
dinary outlay of brick, such as has been re-  
quired. In these a small fire is kept up with  
anthracite coal, which is preferable to other  
fuel, because it does not blaze—only its radi-  
ating heat is employed. From the grate to  
the apex of the cylinder bottom, which is  
arched, of course, there is a distance of five  
feet. The cylinder bottom is 11 inches thick.  
Before the engine is put in motion, it may  
get to a brown heat, but at that distance it  
cannot get hotter. As soon as the cold air  
is let in, it cools much below that point.—  
Thus there is no danger either of fusing,  
cracking or oxidizing of the cylinder bottom;  
all of which have been predicted by the ap-  
parently. A cylinder bottom will last five years  
—as long as a steam boiler, or it gives out  
can easily be replaced. The difference in  
the cost of replacing cylinder bottoms and  
steam boilers would, in a large ship, be from  
thirty to forty thousand dollars in favor of  
the former.

The piston in the working cylinder is  
made six feet deep from top to bottom, con-  
cave underneath, to fit the cylinder bottom,  
and flat at the top. The top as well as the  
sides are of iron, but the space between is  
filled with gypsum and charcoal, nonconduc-  
tors of heat. Thus while the bottom has the  
temperature of the hot air in the cylinder the  
top is cool. The heat there is barely suffi-  
cient to keep the tallo used for lubrication  
in a fluid state, not to burn it. In fact one  
can stand upon it as it plays up and down,  
and many gentlemen amused themselves ven-  
derly by riding there. This enables the en-  
gine at any time to grease just the part of  
it may desire; when the ship is careening  
for instance, and the friction of the piston is  
all on one side, that side can be directly lu-  
bricated. This is a point of great practical  
importance, which cannot be attained in a  
steam engine. Nor is there any danger of  
burning the packing, for it is at the top of  
the piston and never comes within less than  
six feet of the fire.

The cylinders act in pairs, and in each  
pair the action is reciprocating; that is to  
say, as the piston goes up in one, it goes  
down in the other.

The pressure for which the Caloric engine  
is calculated is 12 lbs. per square inch, and  
to obtain this it is necessary to heat the air  
384 degrees. By raising the air to 450 de-  
grees, a pressure of 15 lbs. could be obtained,  
but 12 is sufficient for practical purposes, and  
more convenient to manage. Capt. Ericsson  
is of opinion that that will be retained as the  
maximum pressure by future builders of  
engines. Yesterday, owing to the unfinished  
state of the machine, and especially of the  
valves, it was impossible to get more than 8  
lbs. pressure. With that, nine or ten revolu-  
tions were obtained per minute. The full  
number of revolutions to be had from the En-  
ricsson's engine is reckoned at 12, and at  
that rate it is calculated that she will make  
from 10 to 12 miles an hour. This is the ut-  
most that is hoped for from her, and we think  
rather more than will be obtained. Her en-  
gines are not powerful enough to make her a  
competitor in speed with the fast Collins or  
Cunard steamers. For that she must have  
larger cylinders. The means of increasing  
power is to enlarge the diameter of the  
cylinders. When these engines were built,  
Capt. Ericsson desired to have cylinders of  
16 feet, but no establishment would under-  
take to cast them, and 14 was the largest he  
could get. Now Messrs. Hogg & Delamater  
are ready to make them of any size required,  
at their own risk.

The smoothness with which the engines  
worked was remarkable. Capt. Ericsson said  
that 1/16 pressure was enough to move them.  
The amount of friction he finds very much  
less than he anticipated. The coal consumed  
by the whole four furnaces is at the rate of  
6 tons in 24 hours; 7 tons is the utmost limit  
of their consumption. The engineer and one  
fireman suffice to tend the whole mechanism.  
There is no unpleasant smell as from steam  
machinery. There are two smoke pipes and  
two pipes to carry off the escaped steam. The  
pipes are 12 feet above the deck and 30 inches  
in diameter. They are painted white, with a  
gilt rim at the top, but there is not smoke  
enough to sully them. The amount of air  
passing through the four cylinders in an hour  
is from 50 to 75 tons. This keeps the ship  
perfectly ventilated. It was cool and plea-  
sant in the immediate vicinity of the  
furnaces.

The Ericsson is a beautiful ship as she sits  
on the water; a lovelier model one would not  
wish to see. She is 260 feet long on deck,

40 feet beam; depth of hold 27; diameter of  
wheel 32 feet; length of buckets 101. With  
ballast in her, as at present, she draws 17  
feet water. Her bottom is moderately sharp,  
and she is one of the strongest vessels in the  
port. The hull was built by Messrs. Perrine,  
Patterson & Stack, of Williamsburgh, and  
the engines by several builders under the  
oversight of Capt. Ericsson himself.

It is not necessary here to add any reflec-  
tions on the consequences to flow from this  
great invention. As we have already said,  
we do not think the Ericsson will prove a  
fast ship.—But the New Motive Power is as  
well established with 9 miles an hour as with  
90. Larger cylinders will be put into other  
ships, and speed will be attained which will  
leave steam as much behind as it is now sur-  
passed in economy, safety and convenience.  
In this mighty revolution, the palm of honor  
belongs to the inventor, but no little credit  
is due to the gentlemen who have joined him  
in bringing out the Caloric Engine on such a  
scale, prominent among whom we may name  
Messrs. Edwin W. Stoughton and John  
B. Kitching. Nor do we desire to conceal a  
satisfaction which our countrymen will uni-  
versally feel, that the New Motive Power has  
been brought out in the United States.

From the Clermont Courier.

FANNY WRIGHT.

FANNY WRIGHT, later known as D'Arus-  
mont, died in Cincinnati last week, from in-  
juries received from a fall upon the pavement  
last winter. She was about fifty-seven years  
of age. This most remarkable woman of  
genius, was a native of Dundee, Scotland,  
and not of English birth, as some of the city  
papers have stated. Her maternal ancestors  
were the Campbells, long famed for courage  
and chivalry in the annals of Scottish history.  
One of them a general in the British army,  
lost his life in an engagement on the Penin-  
sula, and left his fortune to Fanny Wright  
and her sister. Her father, a successful  
merchant of Dundee, also left a large amount  
of wealth to his daughters.—Thus surrounded  
by powerful family influences and fortune,  
Fanny Wright received every educational  
advantage which Europe could afford; and  
her bold genius well improved them. Gifted  
alike with the finest of physical and mental  
constitutions, equally disciplined, she entered  
upon life with prospects as brilliant as those  
of any woman of the age.

She travelled over Europe. She visited  
every spot consecrated by great events in the  
world's history. She obtained the fullest ac-  
cess to society and courts, and was preparing  
herself for achievements as useful and glori-  
ous as those which have distinguished the  
greatest of her sex.

At maturity her mind became profoundly  
interested in the question of American Sla-  
very, and she became a devoted and ardent  
republican; she became indoctrinated with  
the opinion now recognized as Communism,  
and Woman's Rights, united with the most  
thorough scepticism, not to say infidelity, in  
regard to the fundamental points of the  
Christian religion.

Over thirty years ago she came to Ameri-  
ca to propagate her peculiar theories of gov-  
ernment and faith. After travelling over the  
United States, residing for a time in the  
principal cities, and delivering to admiring  
audiences lectures upon her favorite topics,  
she settled down at New Harmony, Indiana,  
with the little band of kindred spirits which  
have long since been extinguished. There,  
in association with her future husband, Mr.  
D'Arusmont, she edited a monthly journal  
devoted to the advocacy of the tenets of the  
order of New Harmony. Mr. D'Arusmont  
was a native of one of the Provinces in the  
South of France, of a family distinguished for  
talents, and himself of the highest schol-  
astic attainments; he was an enthusiast, but  
his idiosyncrasy developed itself in some  
novel scheme of education which he had  
commenced in France, and which he had  
been condemned by the authorities, and which  
he was laboring to elucidate in this country.

Two or more years were thus spent in  
fruitless attempts to establish a new order of  
things, to popularize new systems of social  
organization, new systems of government,  
new systems of education, and new systems  
religion, when diversities of opinion begat  
the wildest discord among the order and the  
whole brotherhood dissolved like chaff before  
the wind.

Fanny Wright made another tour in Europe,  
and about this time received another accession  
to her fortune by the death of her only sister.  
She finally resided at Paris, where she was  
joined by D'Arusmont, to whom she was mar-  
ried, illustrating at last the complete  
overthrow of one of her favorite theories,  
which was a repudiation of the marriage  
contract. With her husband and child (which  
we believe, was born before, or about the  
time of her marriage,) she returned to Cin-  
cinnati, and invested a part of her funds in  
lands adjoining that city. But her wild and  
impracticable nature was dissatisfied with  
the failure of her attempts to ingratiate her  
tenets into the American people. She found  
sympathy in Paris. Here, again, she was  
domesticated with her family, when domestic  
disputes arose respecting the education of her  
daughter. Mr. D'Arusmont, desired, of  
course, to apply his long-learned system of  
intellectual discipline, and Madame D'Arus-  
mont was equally inexorable in her determina-  
tion to pursue her own projects in this  
particular.—She was a woman whose will was  
not to be thwarted; but she had imbued her  
daughter with her own lofty spirit and in-  
vincible decision. The daughter took sides  
with her father, and then broke out one of  
those infuriated broils which such a woman  
only could provoke.

After frequent and bitter recriminations  
an agreement was made by which a portion  
of the estate of Madame D. was set apart to  
Mr. D'Arusmont and his daughter, and the  
former returned to America, and purchased a  
large plantation, with negroes, in Tennessee,  
where she took up her abode. Here she  
pursued her studies; prepared and published  
we believe, several volumes, among which

her work on "England" is considered the  
ablest.

Years passed on. Madame D'Arusmont was  
separated from her daughter, to whom she  
was passionately and tenderly attached. The  
hope, and pride, and most lofty ambition of  
her great heart was defeated. She became a  
prey to the most bitter melancholy. She  
wandered up and down this broad land,  
seeking such poor crumbs of comfort as this  
world could offer to such an unsatisfied and  
craving soul. Her friends were few and fast,  
but they could afford little consolation to  
one beggared of the priceless jewelry of the  
heart. She was unloved even by her own  
child. Her dreams of ambition, which had  
sustained her great mind through long years  
of effort and trial, had proved the merest  
phantasmagoria. Her manifold schemes, the  
impulse of a generous and lofty soul, which  
large pecuniary sacrifices, had failed; she had  
outlived her slaves; by a thousand  
oulets her fortune had been squandered, and  
she was, now aged, infirm, and poor. It  
seemed as if her last ties to earth had been  
sundered. She was tottering upon the brink  
of the grave, her heart, her intellect, her life  
was a failure. Fanny Wright was, indeed,  
herself no longer. Magnificent she was, even  
in ruins.

This was not later than 1851. About this  
time she had been purchased in the vicinity  
of Cincinnati had become valuable from  
the extension of the city limits.—They  
came into market at high prices. They were  
subdivided into lots, and their value was  
estimated at near \$100,000. This portion  
had fallen to Mr. D'Arusmont in the division  
or settlement of the estate, which had been  
made at Paris more than twenty years before.  
Madame D'Arusmont, at the time of the  
separation, among other pecuniary troubles,  
was annoyed with the failure to receive certain  
annuities from Scotland, which she attributed  
to restraints imposed by her late husband.  
She was in great pecuniary want, and deter-  
mined to seek redress through the courts,  
claiming that she had endowed Mr. D'Arus-  
mont, who was without a fortune, with all he  
possessed, and also, that an inequitable  
division of property had been made in the  
original settlement. In other words, she made  
a claim of alimony, which able counsel were  
retained to prosecute.

In October, of last year, the case had  
been heard before Judge R. B. Warden. It was  
a good fortune, then, a reporter for one of  
the city papers, to hear the revelations made  
to this court during the pendency of the case,  
which occupied several days, and we believe,  
even weeks. The most eminent counsels  
were employed on either side. Madame D.  
was represented by Judge Walker and W. Y.  
Gholson, who were opposed by Judge M. R.  
Tilden. The greatest latitude was allowed  
by the court, as the investigation was one of  
inquiry as to the rights of the plaintiff, pre-  
dicting a claim for alimony. The domestic life  
of these parties, both so gifted, and whose lives  
seemed wonderful in their antagonisms, yet  
with great natural affinities, was spread  
before the court, leaf by leaf. There were  
revelations which our weak pen dare not  
approach with even the attempt at portrayal.  
It is left for bolder hands than ours.

The court was patient while this protracted  
evidence was detailed, covering two lives of  
greater length than usually falls to the lot of  
one race, embracing the most minute domestic  
history of two remarkable personages, and in-  
volving transactions in two hemispheres, and  
various kingdoms therein situated. The law  
involved in the case was not such as usually  
comes before American courts, as some of the  
transactions of the parties required the  
application of the laws of France and Scotland.  
By far the most able, ingenious, impressive  
argument, to which it has ever been our  
fortune to listen, was made by Judge Tilden  
on the occasion, in resisting the claims of the  
plaintiff.

Madame D'Arusmont was present. Mr.  
D'Arusmont was in France guarding with  
parental solicitude the daughter of this sin-  
gular pair, herself a child of genius. Madame D.  
was as remarkable in possession of the highest  
style of physical womanhood, as in the  
muscularity of her intellect. Even though  
in years of decrepitude, she yet possessed  
remains of great beauty. Her frame was  
large, and her face and head were of singular  
beauty and grandeur. She watched with  
eagerness the progress of her case from step  
to step. By permission of the court she  
would occasionally unwrap the mystery which  
involved some portion of the testimony. She  
spoke in the purest style of Saxon, with a  
precision of earnestness evincing clearness,  
comprehensiveness, and the fullest confidence  
in the knowledge of her subject, and the  
justness of her cause. The opposing counsel  
in a searching review of the career of the  
plaintiff, observed "in all the history of the  
world, but one such domestic relation had  
been recorded upon its pages; it was that of  
Socrates and Xantippe." It was well for him  
that the subject of his satire was a woman,  
aged and decrepit. Her eyes shot volleys of  
fire. Such passions were never saw before  
delineated upon living face.

The court, trusting to our recollection, ac-  
quiesced in the plaintiff's claim, the final  
decision of which is now pending.

These sources of anxiety and solicitude,  
with the estrangement of her daughter and  
husband, no doubt bowed this proud spirit to the  
dust. She was endowed with great natural  
gifts, surrounded with fortune's favors, and  
her heart was the seat of as lofty, noble, and  
unselfish impulses, as ever animated or  
thrilled a human breast. With such en-  
dowments, rightly directed, her life might  
have been more useful than that of any woman  
of her age—her name might have been em-  
bellished on that scroll on which is inscribed  
those of her sex, who have adorned and  
purified the world—whom generations yet  
after "shall rise and call them blessed"—  
wrongly directed and it is (shall we say it of  
a woman?) a bye-word and a scorn upon the lips  
of men.

She suffered all that a great mind could  
endure in this world; it is but common char-  
ity to trust that another, better far more glo-  
rious has awaited her.

From the National Intelligencer.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN: Knowing that several Sena-  
tors had had interviews with Col. King since  
the statement made in the Senate by Gen.  
Cass on Thursday last, and the publication  
in the Intelligencer of Col. King's note to  
Mr. Clayton of the 4th of July, 1850, in  
reference to the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty,  
I went to the Senate this morning confident-  
ly expecting to hear such an explanation of  
the statement and the note as would be satis-  
factory to all parties, and place the whole  
matter in a proper light before the country.